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ENGLAND's Palladion;  
OR,  
BRITAIN's Naval-Glory:  
Expressed in a  
PANEGRICK,  
Beginning with a *Loyal Salutation*  
OF THE  
Royal Navie.

With Three Additional Poems

- I. *A Congratulation on the late VICTORY, &c.*
- II. *The Burning Island, &c.*
- III. *A Premonition to the States of Holland.*

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By T. S.

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*Magna tamen spes est in bonitate Dei. Ovid.*

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L O N D O N.

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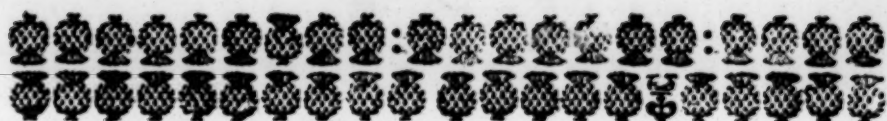
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## To the R E A D E R.

 S for the Candid Reader, truly I  
 Stand freely to his Ingenuity.  
 What need Apologies? This may suffice,  
 We know, *A word's sufficient to the Wise.*  
 But ye, Censorious Sirs, who use to find  
 Only what doth not please your Squeamish mind;  
 If ye find Errors in each *Infant-sheet*,  
 Let not your Envy add to those you meet:  
 Or thus; If ye find those that were before,  
 Let not your scruples (prethee) make them more.  
 But if they do, 'tis all alike to me,  
 I fix my Fortune not on Poetrie.  
 Then Critick, do thy worst; For know, that I  
 Pretend to nothing here but Loyalty.  
 Criticks (I know by whom) are styled thus,  
 No better than the *Muses, Cerberus*:  
 Nay, he describes 'um yet more monstrous,  
 And says, they 're bitt'rer than *Archilocus*.  
 Let *Zoilus* with Envy ne'r so sharp,  
 Squint then: Let poring *Momus* proudly carp,  
 And then (For (Faith) they cannot me displease,)  
 They'll e'en (like *Dutch-men*) fret in their own Grease.

Hor. Sat. 3. lib. 1.

*Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendant Amicum  
 Postulat; ignoscat verucas illius —*

Θ. Σ. ΦΙΛΑΝΑΞ.

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

BY [illegible]

[illegible]

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ENGLAND's Palladion, &c.

BEGINNING

With a Loyal Salutation of the

ROYAL NAVY,

UPON

Their Sailing from the *Buoy* in the  
Nore, in the Rogation Week, 1666.



SINCE men do Courtship now a days invent,  
Why may n't I spend this *Loyal Complement*?  
Since some in numbers do attend the Fleet,  
I cannot but *in numbers too* 'um greet;  
And while the Castles with broad-sides contend,  
I needs must this *broad side* of Paper send.

Hail, Royal Fleet! May all the good that can  
By God be granted, or be askt by Man,  
Light on ye, May ye ever prosp'rous be  
In good success and crown'd with Victorie;  
May ye be blest (if fit) with such excess  
Of happinesse heap'd on happiness,  
Till Providence must go no further, and  
Fortune her self at a *non-ultra* stand;  
May most benign and most prosperous gales  
Fan courteous winds upon your swelling Sails,  
( Let our Rogation be zealous, and  
For blessings on the Sea as well as Land;  
And blessed Lord, by thy *Ascension*  
Let Heavens blessings now descend upon

The Fleet ; let all Habijiments be sent  
 That may be any way expedient ;  
 That Heaven thus may all good comforts bring  
 To every Soul that fighteth for the King.)  
 And as ye were most gladly welcome in,  
 (When this brave Rendezvouz did first begin.)  
 May ye now well go out into the Main,  
 And then return triumphant back again ;  
 And ( in a word ) have ( I can ask no more )  
 Blessings till Heaven hath sent all its store.  
 May ye in pleasures swim, while *Hogens* sink,  
 And have above what I can ask, or think.

But where's my Admiral ? his valour's such,  
 That he will time enough come for the *Dutch*  
 I'll warrant you, and soon enough to make  
 The *Danes*, the *Dutch*, the *Devil* and all to quake :  
 (Reader pray' for my words take my intent,  
 I said the Devil, but the *French* I meant.)

When mighty *James* before the *Holland-Coast*  
 Stood, (though the *Hogens* did so proudly boast)  
 There he most valourously did expose  
 Himself and Navy to his num'rous foes,  
 And e're he got the *Lubbies* out to fight,  
 He did entice 'um to it and invire :  
 Thus may *heroick George's* swelling fame  
 Make 'um e'en tremble at his very Name.  
 And may your foes, Sir, in the *Belgick-Fleet*  
 Like *Lambert's Rebels* fall before your feet ;  
 May their Commanders, may each *General*,  
 Before your face too (like proud *Opdam*) fall ;  
 May you (my Lord) be far more fortunate  
 Than ever *Scavola* or *Cesar's* fate  
 Could make them be ; May you have blessings more  
 Than those I wisht (if possible) before :  
 May you successful as *Vespasian* be  
 In your *Sea-enterprize* and *Victorie* ;  
 And in your Conquests be as prosperous  
 As ever *Scipio* or *Curius*,  
 That you in wealth and honour may encrease  
 As much as ever did *Polycrates* ;

So that your Excellency may n't be less  
 Than was *Metellus* in all happiness.  
 I'm but a *Country Courtier* (my Lord)  
 Without a *Dam-me*, You may take my word;  
 I am *Right-down* (Sir,) In good faith believ me,  
 Your *real-humble-Servant*, and conceiv me,  
 My Prayers are as zealous for you as  
 Ever for *Oliver Hugh Peters* was,  
 And I hope more religious and just;  
 Their wicked Prayers were but as the dust  
 (Proceeding from a sacrilegious mind,  
 Just like their wicked selves) before the wind:  
 And their deluding Prayers by the Spirit  
 Had justice in the end for their demerit:  
*Noll's* Soul had doubtless ne'r gone in a storm,  
 Had he but loved *The Set* (sacred) form;  
 No *Common Prayers*, but a *common life*  
 (They say) he loved with *Jack Lambert's* wife;  
 But *Jack* (an *under-Devil*) thought no scorn  
 So long as *Belzebub* did graft the horn.  
*Hugh* ne'r at *Tyburn* had been in the lurch,  
 Had he obey'd his pious *King and Church*.  
 (But hold, I think my *Muse* is at a loís  
 'Twas not at *Tyburn*, 'twas at *Charing-Cross*)  
 Where he (oh double-grief!) forfook his life,  
 And that which was as dear, the *Butcher's* wife.  
*Thimbles* and *Bodkins* now were all in vain,  
 Their *Charms* could never fetch him back again:  
 And though they *Orphean* musick once did make,  
 They cannot fetch him from the *Stygian-Lake*.  
 May all *Phanaticks* that have still his heart,  
 Succeed him with a Halter in a Cart.  
 And thus much for those *grand Impostors*, I }  
 (Leaving them to detested memorie) }  
 Again will to my *Loyal Subject* fly. }





A PANEGYRICK, &c.  
 Upon a Visit to the *Royal Navy*, at  
 their Rendezvouz in the *DOWNS*,  
 May the 29<sup>th</sup>, 1666.

Viewing the  
 Navy on the  
 Beach, &c.

\* The day of  
 his Majesties  
 Restauration,  
 &c.

**B**less me! What is't I see? What things are these?  
 What! Are the fam'd *Aegean Cyclades*  
 Now sailing on the Seas? Or is a Wood  
 Now floating like *Dodona* on the Flood?  
 What mean ye by this most illustrious sight?  
 Will ye the *Dutchmen* from their senses fright?  
 Here is a Shew magnificent indeed  
 Above a *Dutchman* or *Phanatique's* Creed.  
 These are right stately *May-poles*, and which may  
 Most gloriously suit this \* *glorious day*;  
 Their altitude is like *Olympus*, and  
 Exceedeth far the *May-Pole* in the *Strand*.  
 And may they too as much of *Fortune* bring,  
 As *this-day six-year* brought, unto the *King*;  
 Their whirling, streaming Pendants are beyon'  
 The *Ladies Pendants*, glitt'ring in the Sun.  
 (Women are teamed Ships, rig'd ne'r so well  
 In Silks, they can't those silken Flaggs excel,  
 For noble lustre) What doth here belong  
 Too, is (as well as *ornamental*) strong.  
 And *Rome's Triumphal Arches* never cou'd  
 For Shew excel these *Obelisks of Wood*.  
 These promise Vict'ry in their very Look,  
 When the *French* challeng'd doubtless they mistook;  
 And that our *English* Ships were (did suppose)  
 Those *Mack'el Boats* which from the *Belgick*-foes

Indeed



Indeed were able (spight of all their braggs  
Proudly belcht out) to take away their Flaggs.  
Had they but thought to see this *Noble fight*,  
They would have had *more mind to eat than fight*.  
But who is that that doth the Shew decrease,  
By sailing yonder off upon the Seas?  
Why? 'Tis *Prince Rupert*, I ne'r knew I vow  
His Highness was to go again, till now;  
Farewel most valiant Prince, and may you thus,  
As you are valiant, be victorious:  
And may your share be ample, and compleat  
Of all the blessings that I can repeat.  
Ye now appear like Clouds, when ye are nigher  
Unto the *French*, yee will appear like Fire.

But why are here such peopled throngs as these,  
With gleeſom Aspects looking on the Seas?  
Is *Jason* bringing here the *golden-Fleece*;  
'Cause *Deaf* me-thinks doth look so like a *Greece*?  
No, 'tis not so, They come to see and greet,  
Though not a *golden Fleece*, a *golden Fleet*;  
No, here's no *Witchcraft*, nor no *Med'an Arts*.  
But yet for \* *Argonauts* here's noble hearts.  
Brave *Kent's* a *Kingdom* too (me-thinks) again,  
Thus to have in her *Narrow-Seas* the *Main*  
And *Ocean Glory* of the *British-Iſle*,  
(On which the Heavens themſelves do ſweetly ſmile.)  
A *Kingdom*? Yes, And of more high deſert  
Farr, than when ſhe was rul'd by *Ethelbert*.  
For *be it known*, That (to her great content)  
*King Charls the Second* now is *King of Kent*.  
*Xerxes* himſelf could doubtleſs never boaſt  
Of greater *Power* than the *Kentiſh-Coaſt*  
Doth now afford, here is a *Bridge* will reach  
Croſs from the *British* to the *Belgick-beach*.  
But now to raiſe my *Admiration* higher,  
I am ambitious of approaching nigher;  
Come, let us go then, give us here a *Boat*,  
That we may to the *Royal Navy* float;  
(Come *Kentiſh-boys*, let thoſe that wou'd not go  
This journey, now repent *from top to toe*.)

Prince *Rupert*  
being then  
ſailing out  
with a Squa-  
dron (as it was  
ſaid) againſt  
the *French*.

Ships at a di-  
ſtance ſeem  
like clouds.

\* Theſe famous  
Worthies that  
attended *Jason*  
(as our Re-  
formado's do)  
were ſo termed.

Now

The Author  
Boarding the  
*Royal Charles*.

Now my heart leaps like those upon the Seas,  
Coming so near such stately things as these;  
What ravishment here's for a *Loyal soul*?  
This, this alone, may Rebels hopes controul.  
Come, row away, I long to be aboard,  
To see in *Royal Charles* my *Loyal Lord*.  
Is this a Ship? Why then, this Ship alone  
May parallel a pretty handsom Town,  
And you may men as populously meet  
Here, as in *Cheap-side*, or in *Lombard-street*.

Viewing the  
great Cabben.

But what is here? A *Pallace made of wood*?  
Is *Hampton-Court* now floating on the flood?

But ah! I now my *General* espie,  
If this be not his Lordship, may I die.  
And (now I humbly kiss your hand) I wish  
You be made happy *both by flesh and fish*.  
And now your Honour happily is come,  
May all the blessings 'till the day of Doom  
From the Creation that were to be sent,  
Be all at once upon your Lordship spent.

Heavens bless *Royal Charles*, and conquest bring  
To *Royal Charles's Master, Charles* our King;  
May good success and fortune be possess'd  
By her not only, but by *all the rest*.

### *Upon their Sailing out on the Thursday following against the Dutch.*

**H**Ail once more, Royal Fleet! now may ye be  
Most prosp'rous in a *final* *victorie*;  
And may ye now so happily *go out*  
To give your Enemies a *total rout*.  
Once, nay for ever, Hail, I know ye do  
Many times *Thunder*, yes, and *lighten* too;  
Then may your *thund'ring* Canons so affright,  
(Together with their *fire-spitting light*)  
So *fear* and *scorch* the *Dutchmen*, that they may  
Be either *took*, or *sunk*, or *run-away*;

And

And may ye too most powerfully *Reign*,  
 Till ye are of the *Universal Main*,  
 And *Ocean-Sea chief Monarch*: May ye thus  
*Hail, Thunder, Lighten, and Reign* prosperous.

*Upon a View of them in July last, before their  
 last going out, &c.*

**B**lest Navy, Art thou here again? What is  
 A *PYTHAGOREAN Metempsychosis*  
 Here transmigrated now in Ships, as then  
 That fond *Philosopher* mistook in men?  
 Because here's just such glory as before  
 Lay glitt'ring they from off the *Kentish shore*?  
 No, here's no *transmigration*, but the same  
 They are in Substance till as well as Name,  
 No *Metempsychosis* was here convey'd  
 But what originally they enjoy'd:  
 For they, *Heroick Warriors*, did not die,  
 Though they did bravely suffer batteries  
 Like noble *Combatants* they only strive  
 After their bloody *Battail* to retrieve  
 Their former sprightly looks, and do appear  
 As void of Sadness now as then of Fear.  
 And as stout *Champions* are impatient  
 To trace the *Marital Fields* and quit the Tent;  
 So thus have these such valourous desires,  
 Their courage, by felt dangers, more aspires.  
 They may the more be animated, who  
 Do know the most now that the *Dutch* can do:  
 Who though they 'ad numerous advantages,  
 Had little cause to brag; But such as these,  
 If they do but escape a total Rout,  
 'Tis thought a wonder to 'em without doubt.  
 Then let 'um fill themselves with fancies feed;  
 While their sad wound fill inwardly doth bleed,  
 Being (poor senseless wretches) ignorant  
 Of their Disease; Then let 'um proudly taunt,

B

And



And with vain-glorious solemnitie,  
 Let Them the *Triumph*, We the *Victorie*  
 Keep ; Doubtless those the greatest Conquest gain,  
 That do the lesser damages sustain.  
 Then let us *Notes compare*, We 'ad Losses, true ;  
 If I mistake not (*Hogens*) so had you.  
 ('Tis true an *English Ship's* to them a *Jewel*,  
 Though theirs with us do ever serve for *Fuel* )  
 Had We not for Their *birry* gave 'um *ten*,  
 How do ye think they e'r will fight agen :  
 (Yet when they gag'd their *matchless Victorie*  
 They found they had of ours only *three*)  
 Thus *crafty Gamesters* often do begin  
 To *loose*, because at last the more to win.  
 And by so doing (this is their device)  
 They *younger Gamesters* often do entice.  
 I must confess (*great Hogens*) it is true,  
 It was a *Mogen Victorie* for you,  
 'Scaping so well your more couragious foes,  
 And being strangers to such things as those,  
 Made ye, because they did not beat ye more,  
 Fancy that ye had beaten them before.  
 If *Pigmies* conquer only *shaddows* they  
 Thus think they have enough obtein'd the day ;  
 Or like the *Psillian Warriors*, of a mind  
 To fight against their Enemy, the Wind,  
 And going out against it, it did blow  
 And destroy divers of the Army, though  
 The rest of them (when *Boreas* did cease)  
 Return'd with *Triumph*, with *victorious Peace* :  
 Such foolish Creatures (*Hogens*) will ye be,  
 Thus to *mock* Heaven with a *Victorie* ?  
 If ye were so *Victorious*, then I pray  
 Stand to it once more ; Do not run away.  
 Let fair play be had, then we shall see  
 Which of the two will have the *Victorie*.  
 Let's try it (once more) our, I prethee, and  
 Have t' other *Touch* at Sea, before ye land :  
 A *Fleet of Wheel-barrow*s they say ye have,  
 The Sea will serve, they need not make your *Graves*.  
'Tis



'Tis very needless to attempt a Trench,  
Before ye have done swimming with the Tench.

Then *Royal Fleet*, your foes go once more face,  
I know y' are full of *Majestie* and *Grace*,  
And are enough undaunted, motives are  
All needless too, to stir you up to War.  
If ye did beat 'um not enough before,  
Ye yet may beat 'um notwithstanding more.  
Great Armies do not every time prevail,  
And greatest *Warriers* now and then may fail.  
Neither did *Alexander* (without doubt)  
Return a *Victor* every time he fought.

Proceed then, *Loyal Souls*, and may ye be  
Blest with a *final-total-Victorie*.

God save our *Sacred King*, and Heavens Crown.  
His Fleet with *Conquest*, *Honour*, and *Renown*.

So most devoutly prays, one

of his Majesties most

*Loyal Subjects*

Tho. Symphon.



*A Congratulatory Poem on the Late  
Victory, obtain'd July the 25<sup>th</sup>, 1666.*

**W** Ho can be silent now? 'Twere e'en a Sin  
 To see so *great a work so well begin*  
 And not express a joy; a joy at least,  
 That doth so pleasantly my Senses feast  
 With Loyal Raptures, Raptures that alone  
 Might force Congratulation from a Stone.  
 Except those stupid *Stones* and *Stocks* that be  
 Possess'd with a *Phanatick Lethargie*.  
 I cannot (though *no Poet*) chuse but write  
 When Heaven doth so *signally* invite.  
 I'm but a *Stranger* to *Parnassus-Hill*,  
 'Tis Loyalty (not Wit) incites my Quill.  
 This *joyous News* my *ears* delighteth too,  
 More than best *Orphean* harmony can do,  
 In *Stones* and *Trees* too; This Intelligence  
 Might likewise now (me-thinks) transport a sense.  
 Then let immortal Praise to Heaven be  
 Return'd for this successful Victorie.  
 And happy Blessings be continued on  
 The *work* that is so happily begun.  
 Let no Ingratitude of ours be  
 A stop to further blest Prosperitie.  
*Heathens* in *Triumphs* do examples set,  
 Who never did ungratefully forget  
 To Sacrifice, and their Thanks-giving pay  
 Unto their Gods. Why then, without delay,  
 (As they in theirs) let us zealous be  
 In our Christian Solemnitie.  
 Nor let us be too *forward*, 'till We see,  
 That Heaven sends a *total victorie*;  
 Nor by too great a confidence omit  
 Those Duties that are in Devotion fit;

Let's

Let's mix our Prayers with Thanks-givings, and  
 We then shall fight against the Dutch, on Land:  
 For Prayers are as prevalent as Arms  
 Against an Enemy; those pious Charms,  
 As soon will work their general defeat,  
 Our Service to the King's in that as great  
 As any thing, all Ages likewise can  
 Serve him in that too, whether Child, or Man:  
 Each sex may joyn too, (by this holy fight)  
 Ladies may in their closets for him fight;  
 Let the blasphemous Dutch cry on, \* We must  
 To none (then) but to God's mighty trust.  
 We need no other, his Omnipotence  
 Is a secure, invincible defence.  
 Then let 'um proudly boast, while Heaven fights  
 For England 'gainst those Sea-Amalekites.  
 Let 'um in Words exceed, while Heaven knows,  
 We by his blessings can prevail in Blows.  
 Rodomontadoes will not do the feat,  
 Performances are least when words are great.  
 Though (like the \* Gracian Wrestler) they will  
 With impudence say they are Victors still.  
 No matter; We at last shall doubtless find  
 Their words (nay, actions too) will be like wind.  
 Then let us Heaven's help implore, and then  
 We need not fear, nor fear the worst of men;  
 That is the aid, the aid alone will do it,  
 The French and all the Danes are nothing to it.  
 Let us be careful then to gain the thing  
 That doth our selves, our Country, and our King,  
 So much concern, when as (alas!) the Task  
 Is only but to have, if we will ask.  
 Me-thinks a Triumph's noblest, when we see  
 It is attended with Humilitie;  
 Nor let excess now Heaven's love annoy,  
 Let moderation circumscribe our joy,  
 That so those famous Souls now on the Main  
 May perfect Conquerors return again.

\* An expressi-  
 on of late very  
 frequently  
 us'd amongst  
 'um in derisi-  
 on of our sin-  
 gle strength.

\* Of whom  
 Plutarch  
 speaks, that  
 when he had a  
 Fall, he would  
 spring up a-  
 gain, and with  
 impudence af-  
 firm it was he  
 that was the  
 Victor.



*The* BURNING-ISLAND,  
OR  
*The Dutch-Man's Ignis-fatuus.*

Being a Poem on the *Fiery-Conquest*, or unparallel'd Exploit, executed by Sir *Robert Holms* against the *Dutch*, wherein about 160. Ships (richly laden) with a considerable Town in the Isle of *Schelling*, were burnt and totally destroyed. Written *Aug.* the 16<sup>th</sup>, 1666.

Upon the Authors first hearing of the News, &c.

**H**AVE ye not heard the *great Intelligence*,  
Enough to ravish (nay, amaze) one's sense?  
But stay, Is this so great a thing I hear,  
Real? Or else doth but my flattering ear  
Transport my Senses only with a Vision,  
Or feigned Dream, that feeds me with derision?  
No, no, 'tis sacred Truth, the Heavens must,  
And will do Justice, let us ne'r distrust;  
*George* is so holy, and his cause so fair,  
It were a sin of weakness to despair.  
Experience tell us, that He needs must be  
Successful in a *pious Victorie*.  
He is a *Joshua* that never fights  
Without success against \* *Amalekites*,  
Who by our *Royal Moses* once before  
Appointed *General*, did then restore  
*Israel* to Peace, and then did civilize  
All God's (as well as good mens) Enemies;  
(Though those \* *Amalekites* rebel again  
In heart (I fear), their fancies are so vain.)  
Is our Cause just? then Heaven without doubt  
Can give (though *Hogen-Mogen*) them a rout.

\* Those whom  
*Joshua* (ap-  
pointed Gene-  
ral by *Moses*)  
fought a-  
gainst, of  
whose name  
any of  
God's, or good  
mens Enemies  
may be called,  
&c.

\* Phanaticks.

Our



Our Sacred Priests too have perfum'd the Air,  
 With the sweet Incense of the Churches Prayer.  
 If good mens Pray'rs be prevalent and pure,  
 The Church is pious and devout I'm sure;  
 If her Sons, some, degenerate become,  
 Prayers are us'd by all, and not by some;  
 (For her unworthy ones, she counteth all  
 Those *Anti-Christian, Anti-Prelatical*;) )  
 Then Doubt begone; Though we unworthy be,  
 Heaven may pour out liberalitie.  
 The News is now confirm'd enough, the thing  
 Is for a certain Truth brought to the King;  
 And who his Royal ears dare so surprize,  
 Were it but a *fictitious surmise*?  
 Thus if we thankful be for blessings past,  
 We shall have fuller blessings yet at last.  
 For the \* *Thanks-giving* was not at an end,  
 Ere Heaven did these welcom tidings send;  
 And sable night had cancel'd not the other,  
 Ere Heaven sent occasion for another.  
 The tidings of the Evening did Crown  
 The Solemn day with Heavenly Renown.  
 Not popular *vain gloriousness*, and such  
 As is the practice of the *vaunting Dutch*,  
 But with a mercy, mercy that may well  
 " *Match the dimensions of a Miracle* ;  
 And this indeed, this New, was solemn-sport  
 To the *Victorious and Royal-Court*.  
 Nor was the \* City so ungrateful neither,  
 But that they did rejoyce two days together;  
 (And the next day I cou'd not choose but write,  
 And be the *Dutchmens* † *weeping Heraclite*)  
 But when I wept, (to tell the real truth)  
 I think 'twas *with the wrong side of the mouth*;) )  
 (And I hope too, our causes better be  
 Than the *Dutch* had for their observing \* *three*.  
 This *flaming* News such gladness did convoy,  
 It made the City too *flame* all with joy.  
*Triumphant Fires* were as many here,  
 As those *Dutch fatal ones* did blaze out there.

\* The news was brought to Court, on that Thanks-giving-day at night that was appointed to be celebrated within the City of London, and the adjacent places.

\* The day following was the News celebrated in the City of London.

† An Irony, &c.

\* The Dutch for their pretended Victory in June kept three Thanks-giving-days together.

They

They lately so *hot-headed* were I vow,  
 I think they 've had *Bone-fires* now enough.  
 Their fate, 'tis true, deserves an *Elegie*,  
 But yet (for my part) *Faith, I cannot crye.*  
 Or to that passion should I bow, I fear  
 'T wou'd only be to shed a *joyful tear.*  
 I must confess I'm sorry that ye are  
 Possessed yet of any *Men of War.*  
 I should have gladder been too, if the flame  
 Had from your *Merchant-Men* flew to the same:  
 I must confess (though I were very willing  
 To hear such blessed tidings too from *Schelling*)  
 I had been gladder (as sure as I am,  
 Had it so happened to *Amsterdam*,  
 And should have been as *merry as a Fiddler*,  
*Hogens*, had all of ye been in the middle.  
 But stay, We always ought to be content  
 With whatsoever is by Heaven sent.  
 It is enough: Let us with patience see  
 How the just Heavens our *best Carvers* be.  
 But boundless joys do very often cause  
 Expressions to exceed strict Reason's Laws.  
 Our *Christian Charity* ought to be such,  
 To shew it self to *Pagans*; nay, the *Dutch*:  
 But when unjustly they will greedy be,  
 To exercise all kinds of *Injurie*;  
 Then they may thank themselves if Heaven do  
 Return 'um Punishment, and Justice too.  
 Spoils to an Enemy are just enough,  
 Especially to those that are so rough;  
 Those were the men that lately proudly cou'd  
 Project, how they 'd dispose of *Royal blood*;  
 And e're they cou'd our Naval force withstand,  
 Nothing wou'd serve their turn, but they must land.  
 But now I hope their courage will expire,  
 Now it is cool'd, nay cool'd by (even) *Fire*;  
 (The means was wonderful, that fire shou'd  
 Thus cool the heat of *Hogen-Mogen-bloud*.  
 But, *one extreem doth drive another out*;  
 This was the only *Medicine* without doubt :)

Now

Now Holland's *Wealth* was turn'd into a flame;  
*Schelling* a *Burning-Island* now became;  
*A Burning-Island*? Yes indeed, and truly  
*Hogens* for you it burnt (too, very) *blewly*.  
Nor did ye (*Hogens*) only loose your *Treasure*;  
But too, (it seems) your *Mogen Boat of Pleasure*.  
No matter, now ye e'en may go and keep  
(As well as \* shoot at) silly, rotten, *Sheep*.  
This *Ignis-fatuus* will without delay,  
Put ye too (doubtless) much out of the way.

As they did in  
*Thanet*.

But *Noble Holms*, What shall I say of thee?  
Who with such Loyal magnanimitie,  
(By our most Noble General's Commission)  
Was *Conduet* in this famous Expedition:  
No *Greek* or *Roman* e're did parallel  
This rare *Exploit*: This truly doth excel  
*Lepanto's* fame. Indeed, One now may say 't,  
That *Sixty Six* excelleth --- *Eighty Eight*.  
I can't applaud sufficiently your Name,  
I'll leave it to the *Trumpet* then of Fame.  
Time hath, or will, perhaps a *Poet* raise,  
Born under better Stars to sing your praise.

*Sit Gloria Deo.*

### *A Premonition to the States of Holland.*

Now why will ye persist? (poor *Hogens*) Durst  
Ye thus swell with *Presumption* 'till ye burst?  
We often say, and 'tis a common word,  
That after warning twice, beware the third.  
Then if again ye on the Seas can crawl,  
And rise, I doubt 'twill only be to fall.  
('Tis Brandy now indeed, or *Aqua-vita*,  
Had need to chear the fainting *High and Mighty*.)  
Have ye not seen a Candle clearly shine,  
Just going out, though but a minutes time;

C

Or



Or as some persons just before their death,  
 Will pleasant seem just at their latest breath?  
 So if ye rise again, 'tis *Signum-mortis*,  
 We 'l gi' ye t' other dose of *Aqua-fortis*;  
 For ye mult know our *English Spirit* is  
 Not Brandy, but *Aqua-mirabilis*;  
*Admirable* indeed, and is endu'd,  
 Not with a Frenzie, but true Fortitude:  
 For We are not so foolish as to think  
 'Tis any policy to fight in drink.  
 Royal Commands oblige all Loyal hearts,  
 Then let *Usurpers* play their drunken parts;  
 And let them proudly brave it out in State,  
 Till *Amsterdam* hath pawned all her Plate;  
 And when all 's done, they 'l find the only thing,  
 Is a submission to a Pious King.  
 Doubtless cou'd *Opdam's* Ghost but once appear  
 Unto ye now, He wou'd not proudly swear  
 Upon the *Sacrament*; But tell ye that  
 In plainer rearms, ye must expatiate  
 No more your high Ambition, but be  
 Endu'd with more becoming Modestie;  
 And that that wou'd be requisite, and best  
 Both for your present and your future Rest.  
 Thus *Mas'sanello's* Ghost (\* presented 'tis)  
 Once preacht such kind of Doctrine too as this,  
*That those whom Wickedness doth raise so high,*  
*Will fall at last again to Miserie.*  
 (And (in some sence) the *States of Holland* be  
 A kind of Fishermen as well as he,  
 And do by their Ambition swell as high,  
 As ever he, in Popularity.)  
 Then ye may take example by this Fellow;  
 I mean the poorly-Stately *Mas'sanello*;  
 For he indeed was (it must be confessed)  
 Distressed, Mighty, then again distressed.  
 Your puffed up Greatness of a windy Rise,  
 Is fitly figur'd by your own \*own Device;  
 Which by the the smallest prick expires, So  
 Your *Motto's* proper too, *Quam Subito*?

\* In Royal Ar-  
 hour.

\* In Amster-  
 dam they have  
 this device,  
 whereby to  
 hint the sodain  
 downfal of  
 worldly great-  
 nefs, viz.

The Picture of  
 a Man with a  
 full blown  
 Bladder on his  
 Shoulders;  
 another stand-  
 ing by, about  
 to prick the  
 Bladder with  
 a Pin; the  
 Motto being

*Quam Subito*?

You'l



You'll spoil your selves by leaping such a height,  
 Like *Panthers* streining for the *Aconite* ;  
 Like *Nero's* Mother, Ye must needs be high,  
 Maugre the fatal Sequel. *Then ye die.*  
 Of *Alexander*, 'tis observed thus  
 By One, ('tis by *Valerius Maximus*,)  
 When with his Conquests proudly swelled, he  
 No less than *Son of Jupiter* must be ;  
 He then (forsooth) must be a God, no less,  
 No longer Man, that Author doth confess ;  
 Though, That it was (as *Tacitus* implies)  
 One of the *three of his ill qualities.*  
 (The *other two* do both indeed extend,  
 But to an arrogant profusive end.)  
 Thus, for a time, because ye have been hurl'd  
 Like prosperous Dice by *Fate*, into the World ;  
 Must ye conceit, that presently ye are  
 No less (forsooth) than *Sons of Jupiter* ?  
 Ye, but by *Poor distressed* lately known,  
 Because to *High and mighty* now y' are grown :  
 Must your *Prides Sphear* now no *Horizon* know ?  
 Must ye needs higher still, and higher grow ?  
 Must ye like *Ovid's Gyants* swell so high,  
 As to contend with *Sacred Majestie* ?  
 Hath Greatness made ye mad, that ye so soon  
 Must, with *Caligula*, needs court the Moon ?  
 Does your Ambitious Wheel so swiftly run,  
 That ye must with *Endoxus* kiss the Sun ?  
 Prethee (poor *Hogens*) do not run so fast,  
 Least ye (like *Phaeton*) fall down at last ;  
 And (while ye mount so high in vain desire,)  
 So set the *Belgick Country* all on fire.  
 (But that is needless ; For it seems we do  
 Fire your Ships ; yes, and your Houses too.)  
 Alas ! (but like the *Babel-builders*) ye  
 In your *Luciferous* projectings be.  
 Confusion must needs attend such hopes,  
 Whose bold aspirings have no narrower scopes.  
 Then (ye have need enough of, it I'm sure)  
 Take yet a Sovereign, and easie cure.

The *Aconite* is  
 so extremely  
 loved by the  
*Panthers*, that  
 being by the  
 subtilty of the  
 Huntsman,  
 hung a great  
 height in the  
 Woods, they  
 will with leap-  
 ing at it strive  
 and kill them-  
 selves.

*Augustus*

*Suetonius in  
in vita, &c.*

*Augustus Caesar's Ingenuity*

Was much; nor yet was less his Clemency:  
When he by Proclamation did decree,  
A large reward to any that shou'd be  
The happy Victor, to bring him the head  
Of a then famous Pyrate: (As 'twas s'ed;)  
The Pyrate hearing this, as boldly came,  
As wisely, and laid at his feet the same.  
Caesar then pardoned his past offence,  
And then rewarded too his confidence  
That he had in his mercy; This may be  
(Hogens) Exemplary, If wisely ye  
Will but submit unto his Royal will,  
Carolus Caesar will have mercy still.  
(I might have said, Augustus Caesar, He  
I hope ye know's August enough for ye.)  
Do not contend, (Ye must at last submit,  
In spite of all the wit of proud De Wit.)  
But cast your selvs (it is the wisest thing)  
Upon the Royal Honor of a King.  
A King, that (if ye do it not neglect)  
Can gallantly reliev ye and protect.  
All your French-Mountebanks can do, ye see,  
Is nothing else, but e'en to take the fee:  
And gazing at each other, now each Elf  
Can only cry, *Physitian heal thy self.*  
But if ye will avoid approaching Fate  
Then do not Phrygian-like repent too late;  
But save the labour (while time doth invite)  
To either run-away again, or fight;  
Least your conceited Glory do expire  
In vig'rous and condign Blood and Fire.  
But do not like such Pseudo-Martyrs burn,  
Prefer an Urin then before an Urn.  
Do but submit to Charls, and Penance do.  
He'll be your Urin, and your Thummim too.

*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cantum.*

Juv.

FINIS.



